

(TMI Focus, Vol. XXIII, No. 2, Spring 1991)

RE-VISION

by Robert A. Monroe

It was a long walk through the forest to reach the ocean. Along the way, the path was quiet except for the hum of insects and the occasional call of a crow high in the tall trees. In the lush undergrowth, a very slight crackling of dry leaves told of small residents if one listened carefully. Under the fresh smell of growing green lay the deep aroma of moist earth and decaying vegetation, both silent signals of the life cycle in progress.

There was very little wind as the soft rumble of surf grew steadily in strength. Then the forest stopped and the gray-green sea spread out to the horizon, stately cumulus cloud towers drifting overhead through a clear, clean sky of true azure. The grassy bank where the white beach began gave an irresistible invitation to ease down, lie back, and relax. The waves were gentle, placid. The breeze, cool and soft. The sun, warm and fresh.

It all comes to this, the beginning and end of an eons-long segment. This living mass of air, water, and land, what it gives and what it takes. What it produces.

More than awareness. More than consciousness. More than experience. More than intelligence. More than knowledge. More than truth. More than understanding. The whole is indeed greater than the sum of the parts. Learning to separate this from that. Differences and comparisons. Hot from cold. Light from dark. Loud from silence. Strong from weak. Pain from comfort. Fast from slow. Sick from well. Thick from thin. Rough from smooth. Hard from soft. Balance from instability.

Learning cause and effect, action-reaction, price-paying, authority-responsibility. Options. Eat and live. Sink or swim. Hold or let go. Stop or start. Laugh or cry. Quick or dead. Friend or enemy. Reward or retribution. Success or failure. Love or hate. Win or lose. Organization or chaos.

Learning to think. To coordinate. To count. To calculate. To communicate. To assess. To remember. To connect. To plan. To have ideas. To daydream. To create. To hope. To believe. To know.

To experience and express emotion. Righteous and irrational anger. The beauty of form and movement. Joy and ecstasy. Empty sadness. Compassion. Loneliness. Communion. Likes and dislikes.

Learning to learn. Words and numbers. To vocalize. To write. To pass experience, knowledge, and wisdom from parent to child, from generation to generation, without the trauma of

reenactment. To enact systems, laws, and rules that ensure such learning will continue and expand.

It is all there beyond the forest. In the ripening carpets of grain. The neat, multi-million rows of nourishing plants. The mills that reshape matter into more usable form. The many shelters that are labeled home. The tall, slender towers that instinctively reach for the sky. The motor vehicles that become a surrogate body. The ships that sail around the world atop and under the oceans. The winged, fire-driven carriers that draw white lines high in the sky. The metallic birds that hover and circle the globe hundreds, thousands of miles above the surface, each delivering innumerable bits of information each second, day and night. The invisible yet measurable network of controlled radiation that serves for communication and local direction-finding.

And the amplification of perception through lens and mirror and electronic ears to search the universe for a signal, just one, to assuage the loneliness. Stars, constellations, galaxies, novas, and black holes. The illogical thrust away from the blue planet nest to the nearby moon, where an indelible footprint was left in the sand and dust. The ranging and reporting of surrogate explorers to view and land on other planets, then move on into the blackness of deep space.

The steady unfolding of the patterns that seem inviolate in land, water, and air. Alloys, compounds, molecules, elements, atoms, nuclear particles, radiation, waveforms. Gravity, inertia, momentum. centrifugal force, polarity. Organic and inorganic. Living physical structures and their processes.

The search for mind, soul, and creator. Belief systems. Dreams. Sleep. Visions and visionaries. Lotus eaters. Philosophers. Religions. Love.

This, then is the wondrous package of achievement through millennia of evolutionary effort, to be carried lightly and easily but with triumph into the far reaches beyond. A heritage of inestimable quality until evaluated and applied in the There.

Among the clouds and clamor, there is an uncomfortable sense of a missing factor, vital and important. With the attention turned, a small face appears amid the mass of other knowing. It is shaped less than human and more than monkey. The eyes are luminous with emotion. It is there, all of it, in the eyes. From across the span of timelessness, the carrier of that first spark of intelligent consciousness, the original ancestor, looks and observes.

With quiet pride and joy. With appreciation but not total comprehension. With awe at the growth of the spark. The parent of a prodigal child.

And the missing factor, clearly and cleanly. The animal base. It could not have happened but for its presence and provision. The living demonstration from which to learn. The flesh to be consumed. The milk to drink. The hides and furs to provide warmth. The stronger back to share the burden, to ride. Oil to provide light. Trinkets and amulets from tusk and horn.

Unconditional friendship and loyalty. Those who traded food, lodging, and authority for freedom from the predator, only to find that fur and bare skin do mix and bring forth patterns of empathy and understanding far beyond anything envisioned by either.

The driving force behind the spark. The animal energy. Not the catalyst, but the needs, motivations, and raw power. Not to be hidden or demeaned, but to be included forevermore warmly and surely as the underlying key without which nothing would have taken place. Hold it up proudly for all to know.

Yes!

With the knowing, the little face smiles just slightly, softly, even wistfully, then fades.

In the excitement, the grassy bank on the beach is not enough.

It is time to move on. The walk back along the path through the forest is filled with greetings. A squirrel on a low-hanging branch looks down and chatters. A bottle-green fly lands on a hand and enjoys gentle back-stroking with a finger. Three turkeys politely stand aside and watch the passage curiously but without wariness. Behind, a gray fox enters the path and sits down, undecided as to the propriety of paying his respects. A thrush glides down through the trees, settles on one shoulder and makes soft chirping comments in an ear, until the edge of the forest is reached. With a final peck on the cheek, it pulses wings and returns to the middle branches.

Wherever and whenever I go, my friends, I do take you with me.

Hemi-Sync® is a registered trademark of Interstate Industries, Inc.
© 1991 The Monroe Institute